

# At a Glanz.. Rich Being Born

Thank You Lynbrook Police and Fire Departments



Rich Glanzer  
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It's getting to be that time of year again, where I have to say thank you. You see my birthday falls on May 23, and every year on my birthday there is a certain group of people that I send a special nod to on that day. Before I tell you who that thank you goes to, you got it, here comes the story.

Before I begin, I'm retelling this story from how it was told to me, not from my actual memory. And my Mom tends to embellish and my Dad never let the truth get in the way of a good story.

It was early in the morning around 7:00 a.m. Lois Glanzer was pregnant; Al Glanzer the expectant father was probably complaining that the Mets lost the night before. Lois realized it was time to go to the hospital. Al probably was still complaining the Mets lost from the night before. But as Al started helping Lois, my Mom to be said, "Al, I'm not going to make it."

Many babies' first words are Mommy or Daddy. My pre-first words were, "What you talkin' about Lois???"

But Lois was talkin' about not making it to the hospital. I'm not the most patient person in the world, and it started early. It was time for me to see the outside.

I have no idea what happened to my sister, but my brother was told to sit in the corner. If you ask me, he should have stayed there but that's for another time. My Grandma

Anne immediately went to work and became my saving Doctor. She got the towels, took charge of the situation and had total control of everything. But she needed a few nurses, and I'm guessing that wasn't one of my Dad's strong points.

So someone related to me called the Lynbrook Police and Fire Departments. They flew over and were at my new house in no time. They listened to every order my Grandma commanded. And at a little after 7:00 a.m. on May 23, 1971, I was introduced to the world.

A neighbor called the police and complained about all the noise coming out from my house. I've been told the policeman who answered the phone said, "Lady, we're the one making the noise!"

There is a picture of me from some paper with my Mom holding me and my Dad looking on, and I have a Lynbrook Fire Department helmet on. That's why when I moved to Long Beach, Utica, Massapequa, Los Vegas, Selden, and now currently Mount Sinai, that's where I go to sleep, but Lynbrook is home.

Currently, I work for the Suffolk County Police Department as a Public Relations Specialist. I have written several press releases about officers delivering babies. I always scoff at the baby involved and say, "Hey Baby, stop trying to steal my thunder. It's been done before...by ME!!!"

OK, I don't really think that. What I do think is how awesome those officers are that are so composed that they don't panic and know just what to do, even if they can't possibly know what to do. And I think back to the Lynbrook Police and Fire

Departments. And I nod my head and silently say, "Thank you for delivering me."

But its time to make my silent gratitude public. To the Lynbrook Police and Fire Departments, thank you for assisting my Grandma in delivering me. It's a debt I can never repay.